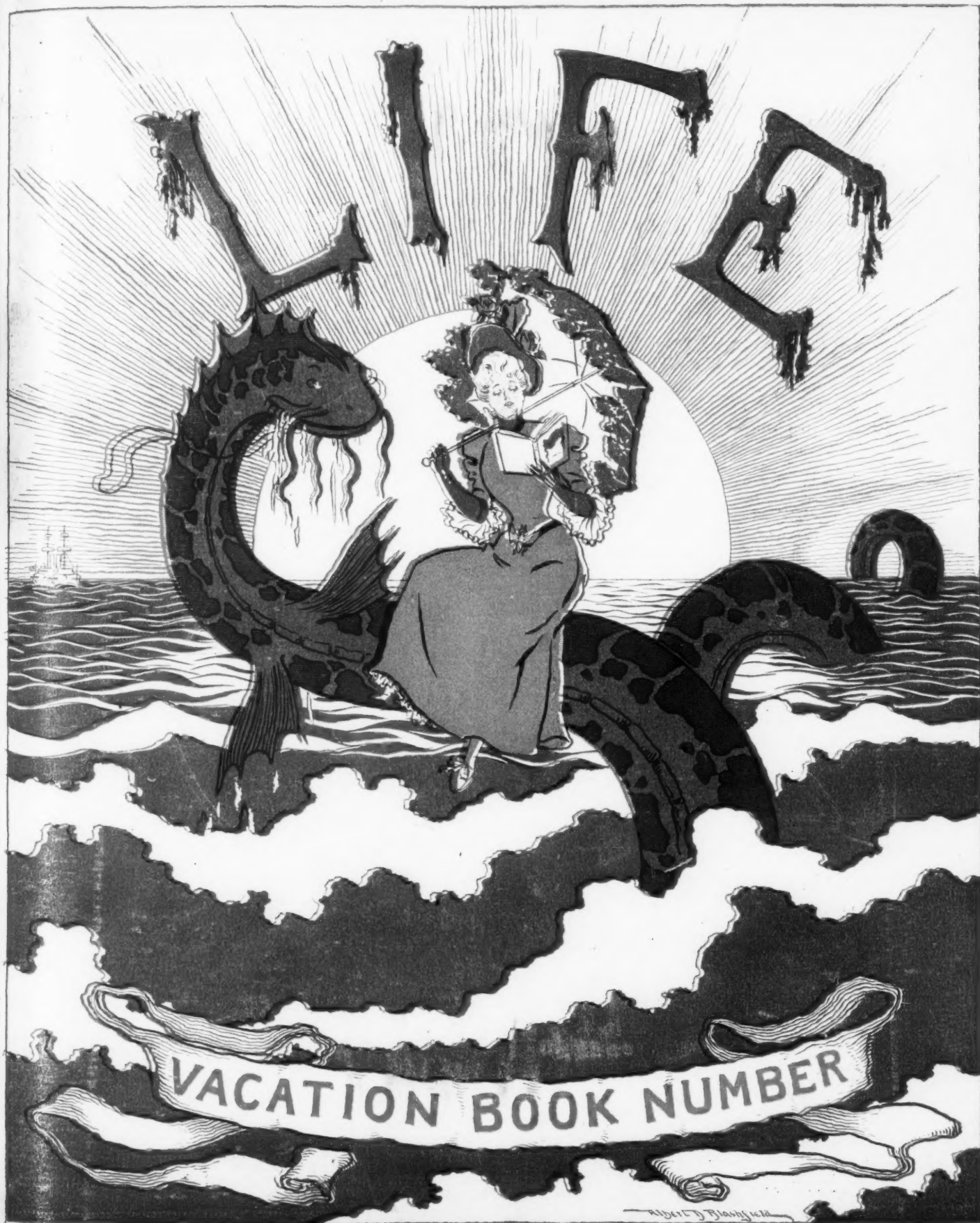


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SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

C. D. GIBSON'S "A NEW YORK DAY"—the typical scenes of a typical New York day. In the June number, "Morning."

THE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION, by Senator Lodge, illustrated by Howard Pyle, E. C. Peixotto, F. C. Yohn and others.

LIFE AT GIRLS' COLLEGES, by graduates. "Vassar," by Margaret Sherwood, in the June number, illustrated by Orson Lowell, from life.

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S serial "THE KING'S JACKAL," illustrated by C. D. Gibson, continues.

THE WAR.

MR. RICHARD HARDING DAVIS will contribute his characteristic, vivid descriptions, the earliest of which will be "The First Shot of the War" (illustrated) in the July number—to be followed by others. He is to write for no other magazine on this subject.

MR. JOHN R. SPEARS will contribute such accounts as could be written only by a man who has served in the navy as well as on a newspaper staff.

TWO WELL KNOWN ARMY OFFICERS of high rank are among others under agreement to furnish papers on the war at its close.

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We have selected a sentence from one among six of Tennyson's poems. The titles of the poems are as follows:

1. Locksley Hall.
2. The Sisters (beginning: *They have left the doors ajar*).
3. Enoch Arden.
4. The Princess.
5. Maud.
6. Aylmer's Field.

In the picture herewith this sentence is illustrated in a way which, it is believed, would be acceptable to Tennyson himself.

LIFE will give two hundred dollars to the person who guesses this sentence, unless there be others whose guesses are correct, in which case the two hundred dollars will be divided among all the winners. This sum will be sent to the winner or winners within one week after the correct result is announced in LIFE.

CONDITIONS.

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This contest will close on Tuesday, May 31. No coupons received after noon of that day will be considered.

The announcement of the winner will be published in the issue of LIFE dated June 10th.



Title of Poem

The exact sentence illustrated by this picture

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"DOROTHY, WHERE CAN I FIND THE DICTIONARY?"
 "AUNT MARATHALEY, WE NEVER USE A DICTIONARY IN BOSTON. WE KNOW ALL THE WORDS."

Land Fighting in Cuba.



THE game of hide-and-seek which has delayed our naval operations on this side of the world will hardly be operative on land. Our fleets have not known where to find the Spanish ships, but the Spanish soldiers are easily located, and there cannot be much loss of time in testing their quality as fighting men. At this writing, while we have formed opinions as to the comparative efficiency of Spanish and American warships, we still have very indefinite ideas about the effectuality of a Spanish regiment. Firearms, we know, are dangerous, especially the modern kind, which propel bullets with dangerous velocity for considerable distances, but whether firearms in Spanish hands are more dangerous to the opposing force than to their owners we haven't yet found out.

It will be prodigiously interesting to know, albeit it is not in the

nature of things that we should fail to pay a painful price for the knowledge. We need not expect, either on land or sea, any more such miracles of immunity as that reported from Manila. Somebody will get hurt in Cuba.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

IT may be difficult in these troublous times to bend our minds to bloodless charity, but the children are still with us; and the city will be just as hot and the country just as refreshing as in times of peace.

According to our custom at this season, we take the liberty of reminding our ever-generous readers that three dollars will, as heretofore, send a child to the country for a two weeks' outing.

Balance from 1897.....	\$ 200.31
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"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXXI. MAY 26, 1898. No. 807.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance.
Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union,
\$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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WHEN Spain is ready to quit, what sort of a dicker is Uncle Sam going to make with her? It may be a little too soon to settle that, but it is not too soon to discuss it. We have made up our minds that in a very short time our soldiers and sailors will hold the Philippine Islands, Cuba and Porto Rico; that the Spanish fleets will either be sunk, captured, or driven home, and that we

shall be in a position to dictate the terms of a settlement. It will be a hard nut to crack. Scarcely anyone suggests at present that we shall annex Cuba, for that we have definitely engaged not to do. We shall arrange, doubtless, to maintain order in Cuba until the Cubans have time to set up for themselves. What further supervision will be necessary cannot be foreseen, but it cannot be doubted that whatever supervision is necessary will be provided.

But while there are few signs of a disposition to grab Cuba, there are still fewer indications of a willingness to let the Philippines fall back into the hands of Spain. To all appearances those islands are lost to her for good, unless she can contrive to win them back before the war is over by force of arms, and the chance of that is too remote to count. The Philippines are, apparently, to be ours, either to keep or to dispose of, and present appearances indicate that to make a satisfactory disposition of them

will be so difficult that they are likely to be left on our hands. That will mean that we shall annex Hawaii, too; that we shall have to keep a big navy, dig a canal through Nicaragua, contrive means for administering the government of outlying possessions, expose ourselves to complications and disputes with European powers over questions touching trade and lands in Asia, and come down out of our reserved seats and mix in the world's ring with the other performers. It is a troublesome prospect. Perhaps events will shape themselves so that some easier way out may open for us, but events at present seem likelier to get us into still hotter water than we are now experiencing than to bring us relief.

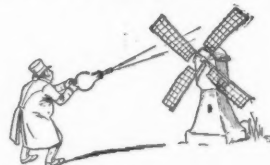
And, besides the Philippines, there is Porto Rico. We have not given any bonds not to gobble up that, and once we get our hands on it there is sure to be an embarrassment about letting go.



THEN, besides the assortment of scattered islands which the war promises to leave on our hands, we have to consider the matter of an indemnity. The statesmen who write our newspapers assure us that an indemnity is indispensable, and put the amount of it at two hundred million dollars. That sum of money is always handy to have, and we would, of course, be delighted to receive it, but the idea of extorting it from a country in the plight of Spain, whose people are in distress for bread, is not altogether exhilarating. It is a privilege to find oneself for once in sympathy with the emotions of that vivacious contemporary, the *New York Evening Journal*, which declares that of course we ought to have an indemnity, but that we must arrange to have it contributed by those persons in Spain who are responsible for the war, and not allow it "to be ground out of the poor of Spain by remorseless taxation." Unhappily, an indemnity from Spain that does not involve the taxation of peasants seems to belong in the same cabinet of impossibilities as an intervention in Cuba that would not involve the starvation of reconcentrados.

If we are unwilling that our indemnity shall be ground out of the poor, it is probable that we shall have to go with-

out it. It has been suggested that Germany would take the Philippines off our hands and lend Spain the money to pay her indemnity. There are reasons why that wouldn't do, but a dicker of that sort arranged with the Dutch might work better. The Dutch have money, and they have colonies already in the East Indies and manage them well.



IT would be easier to run the country just now if all male citizens under forty years of age were put under bonds not to hold or express opinions. Youth is naturally rash, optimistic and irresponsible. Young persons rather like the idea of spreading Uncle Sam out all over the world, and having big armies and navies like other nations. Some of their elders are just as bad, with less excuse.

Well! It takes all kinds to make a nation, and we must put up with our jingoes, old or young. We are not out of the woods yet, and perhaps when we do emerge the prospect will not be quite what we anticipate, and there will be less "swag" in sight.



THIS is the last issue of LIFE in which attention can be directed to the effort to establish in Cambridge a park in memory of James Russell Lowell. This effort has been operative for considerably more than a year, and through a good deal of tribulations, and in spite of discouragement and delay, it seems to be now upon the very brink of a successful issue. The project was, as all readers of LIFE must know, to buy some acres that are part of Lowell's "Elmwood," and the price of which is \$35,000. On May 14th, \$32,718 had been subscribed, and there was a fortnight left in which to raise the rest before the expiration of the option on June 1st. There is still time to send subscriptions to the treasurer, Mr. W. A. Bullard, of Cambridge.

Taking a "Turn;"

OR, THE LITERARY CAKE-WALK.

An Author-Operetta in One Act.

The scene is the stage of public opinion; the time is spring, when, the publishing business being dull, and the silly season being close at hand, the Congress of American Authors convenes and prepares to go through various vaudeville turns for the sole edification of the readers of LIFE.

As the curtain rises, a chord—not of blue ribbon—sounds. A roll



THE LAST RESORT.

He: I SUPPOSE IT'S THE PRIDE OF INTELLECT, BUT I CAN'T HELP DESPISING A MAN THAT KNOWS LESS THAN I DO.

"I DON'T SEE WHAT ELSE YOU COULD DO."



W. D. HOWELLS AND FRANK STOCKTON.

of drums—but not of manuscript—is heard, and the gathering immediately breaks out into the

OPENING CHORUS.

HERE is a chorus literary,
Such as never was known—
Positively extraordinary,
As you will doubtless own.
Money to us is secondary—
Art we at first enthrone,
And though it's a quite unnecessary
Statement to make, of which
we're chary,
None of us is a plagiarist—
Each of us works alone!

For American Authors we,
With genius filled and free!
If anyone says our works are
dull,
The mental impression, we pray,
annul—
Commiserate only the critic's
skull—
American Authors we!

Born (of course) in a magazine
Kind of an atmosphere,
First reputation's not too sheeny,
Keeping our heads thus clear.
Soon comes a Book, all gold and
greeny,

Second one, p'raps, next year;
Then we are Authors, crabbed
and spleeny,
Turning 'em out in style machinery,
With an established—not a new—
Literary career!

For American Authors us,
Which explains why this is
thus:
You purchase our books, and we
exult,
And the consequence, like a catapult,
Makes a superior sort of cult
Of American Authors us!

General dance. After which,
movement of American Authors
around the boards of the stage,
designed to impart air of liveliness
to the scene. Suddenly remembering,
however, the object of their being
present, they again come forward
and address the audience in the
words of an affecting

RECITATIVE.

But though the fact that each
one works alone
Is very true, yet on this special
day,
We're going to work in couples,
be it known,

The winning team the cake to take away!
Yes!

A Master of the Ceremonies, attired in the garb of a Publisher, then pushes his way to the front, and in a stentorian and authoritative voice instructs those present to choose partners for the Cake-walk, and many of them do so, in the following manner:

POTPOURRI OF SONG.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS:
I'm told that my tales are devoid
quite of plot,
In answer to which let me state
that they're not!
For you'll find indications
Of plot, if you'll look
Through the long conversations
In any old book
That I've written, and there you'll
discover a lot!

FRANK R. STOCKTON:
Behold, Mr. Howells, I'm here on
the spot!
For such criticisms pray care not a jot!
But we both might contrive
The confection to share,
For, as for plot, I've
Enough and to spare,
And united, I think we can get that cake,
what?

They march to the front, arm-in-arm, and take first place.

THE REV. HEPWORTH:
Oh, I've shown you in the *Herald*
How your souls may be imperiled—
Of my sermons you can never get enough!
And there's nothing can be finer
Than my work in Asia Minor;
Speaking slangily, I must say, "I'm the
stuff!"

"MARK TWAIN":
This is really most amusing!
Him for partner I'll be choosing.
For I think he is the oddest thing
by far;
And his final observation
Really needs no dissertation,
For we answer him in chorus,
"That you are!"

Loud cheers as they pass on, the reverend gentleman acknowledging them as his own personal tribute.

STEPHEN CRANE:
My tales are quite the opposite of
funny;
They're serious and bring me loads
of money;
So it gives my soul a twist
When the critic will persist
In pretending they're intended to
be funny!



THE REV. HEPWORTH AND MARK TWAIN.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS:
Then I'm the chap for you, my scribe im-
perious,
For I'm treated in a style as deleterious;
I write humor by the pound,
And the critic's sobs resound
As he dubs my style of writing sadly serious!

They sympathize with each other, exchanging handkerchiefs as they take their place in the line. All shed tears.

MARY E. WILKINS:
I love to pen of New England folk,
The quiet street, and the old, old oak.
My muse is most easy to invoke,



MARY E. WILKINS AND S. WEIR MITCHELL.

For plenty of trouble I take,
I'm not a new woman—I ride no "bike;"
For public notice I never strike,
And yet, to be frank, I'd really like
To walk and to win that cake!

DR. WEIR MITCHELL:

Then I'm the celebrity, madame, for you!
With Me as your partner we'll subdue
All others who have that cake in view—
Just see my grandiloquent stalk!

That the critics think me somewhat effer-
vescent!

But, Charles Dudley, let us team,
And we'll make these others seem
As if their claims were less than evanescent!

*The editorial sage nods, and they pass along,
each carrying in an ostentatious manner the
current number of Harper's Magazine.*



CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER AND
RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes was well—
At least I have heard some people so tell.
But Doctor Weir Mitchell doth him excel—
Why, goodness, we'll win in a walk!

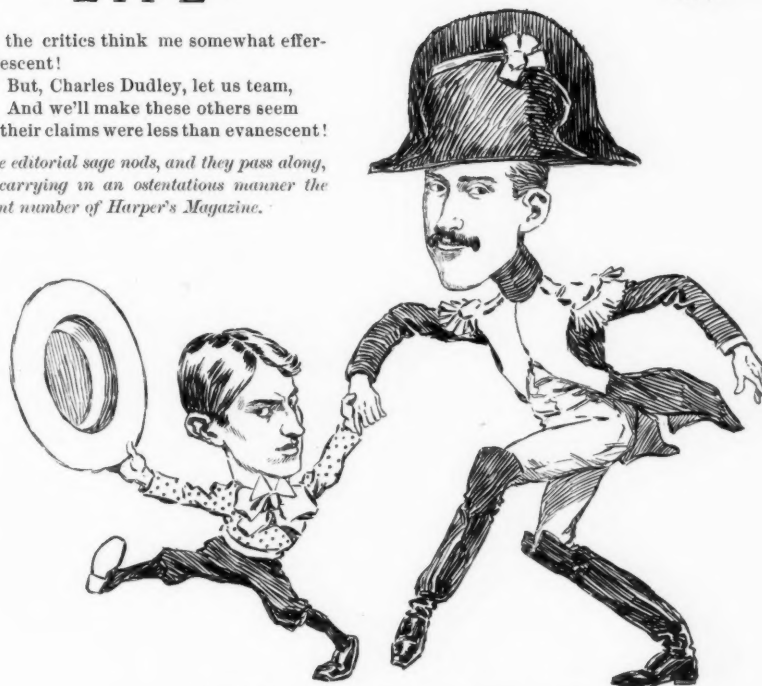
*He dictates interviews to himself for the pa-
pers as he leads his wondering partner to their
place.*

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER:

I'm a very thoughtful man—
As any person can
Observe in *Harper's* advertising pages;
And my library of Warner
Now of course will fill a corner
In the bookshelves of all literary sages!

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS:

I am thoughtful, too, I guess,
Though I'm open to confess



JOHN KENDRICK BANGS AND STEPHEN CRANE.



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT AND BRET HARTE.

FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT:
I shall never forget the story of the boy,
Tiddley um!
Who was known to all mankind as Faunt-
leroy,
Tiddley um!
But the stories I since wrote
Have a very different note,
And they're not the kind that children
would enjoy,
Tiddley um!

BRET HARTE:
I have also written kid tales, such as
"M'liss,"
Tiddley um!
Though I live now in a land that's far from
this,
Tiddley um!

But I think that you and I
That there cyke would much enj'y—
Oh, my English accent, prithee, do not miss,
Tiddley um!

All join in song as these two pass along. The Master of the Ceremonies here interferences, to the relief of the audience.

M. C.:
Attention, couples all! The walk begins!
Be lively on your literary pins!
Bear this in mind—let not the point be
missed:
We will not stand for any plagiarist!
Be natural, each! And pray, remember well
The horrors of the Deadly Parallel!

The walk for the cake commences. Each couple goes through a great variety of undecipherable evolutions, but it is not until the arrival of "Mark Twain" and the Reverend Hepworth that any real degree of enthusiasm is aroused. The style of the last named is so extraordinary that hereupon the crowd rises as one man and acclaims Mr. Hepworth the winner. All thoughts of rivalry and party

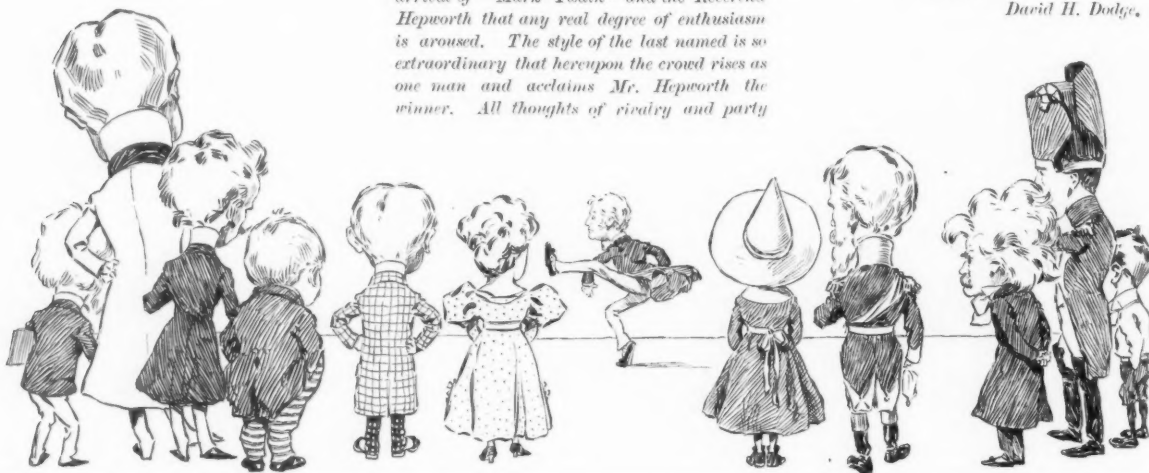
feeling for different schools of literature are put aside, and they resolve to support the reverend gentleman at all costs. Shouts of "He takes the cake!" are bellowed forth, and the entertainment comes to a noisy close with the words of the

FINALE.

The Reverend Hepworth takes the cake!
Sing hey for the Reverend Hep!
He causes our sides with laughter to shake.
A-gazing upon his step!
He has such a comic and ludicrous style
That even Twain's into fits thrown,
Who drops at the side with a sad, sad smile.
And Hep. takes the cake all alone!
Yes—yes—yes—yes!
Hep. takes the cake all alone!
Loudly expressed satisfaction all round, and

CURTAIN.

David H. Dodge.

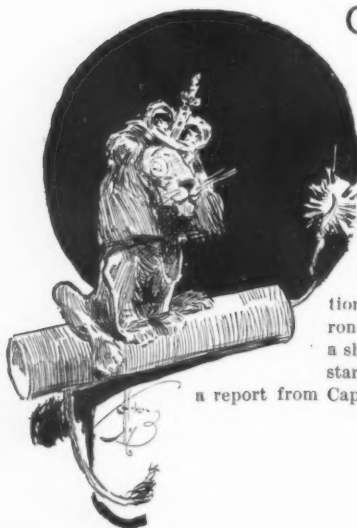


Our Flag Afloat.

YARD-ARM HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
NAVY.

By Midshipman Marlinspike.
IV.

THE "CHESAPEAKE" AND "LEOPARD" AFFAIR.



ON the 22d of June, 1807, the United States frigate *Chesapeake* (36) dropped down to Hampton Roads, got under way, and started on her voyage to the Mediterranean, to relieve the *Constitution* at that station. Commodore Barron had come on board a short time before she started, after receiving

a report from Captain Gordon, com-

mander of the *Chesapeake*, that she was in readiness. As the ship sailed out to sea, everything was in confusion. Her crew was new, her decks were strewn with truck of all descriptions, and everything was as unshipshape as it ought not to have been.

A squadron of British ships was lying in Lynnhaven Bay. One of them, the *Leopard* (50), had detached herself from the fleet, and, standing out in the offing, was quietly awaiting the approach of the *Chesapeake*. She was observed by Commodore Barron, who, turning to Captain Gordon, remarked: "I distrust that fellow's movements. I wonder what he is after?"

He soon found out. The *Leopard* bore down on the *Chesapeake*. Captain Berkley of the *Leopard* hailed.

"I have a dispatch for you."

The *Chesapeake* lay to.

In a short time a British officer came aboard with a note and the information that the *Leopard* had been instructed to search the *Chesapeake* for deserters. Commodore Barron replied: "Sir, my government will

not permit the commander of any of its vessels to muster its crew to any but its own officers. Here is my reply."

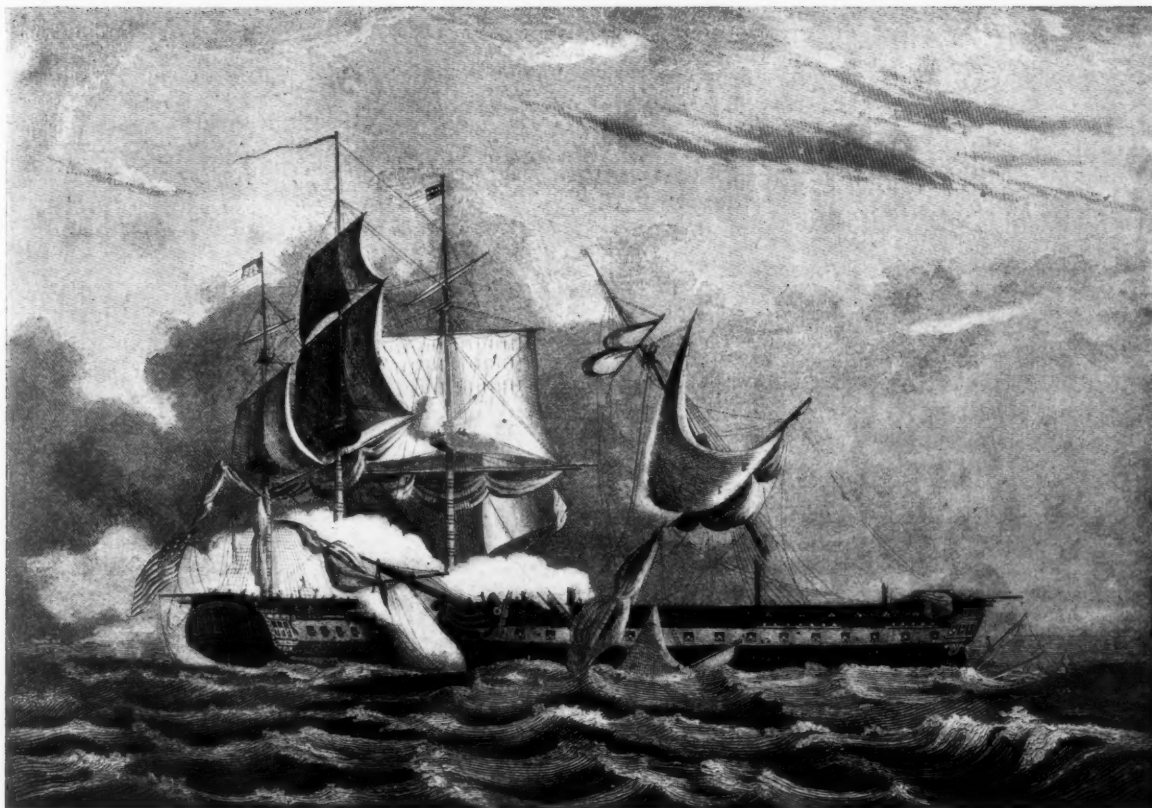
"Very well, sir," replied the British lieutenant, with a smile.

After he had boarded his own ship, the Commander hailed once again.

"On board the *Chesapeake*! You must be aware, sir, that the orders of the Vice-Admiral must be obeyed."

No reply was given, but the officers of the *Chesapeake*, in the short time they had, made every effort to clear the ship for action. It was not believed up to the last moment, however, that the *Leopard* would fire, although it had been observed that her ports were triced up.

Suddenly a shot came across the *Chesapeake's* bow. Then another. Then a broadside. The cry to quarters was given. Some of the guns were defective. No ammunition could be found for others. Broadside after broadside from the *Leopard* poured in upon the helpless *Chesapeake*. Not a single shot would have been fired in return if Lieuten-



The *Guerrière* being raked by the *Constitution*.

ant Henry Allen had not seized a live coal from the galley and discharged a gun with his own fingers. Then the American flag was hauled down. Twenty-one men had thus wantonly been killed and wounded.

* * *
OF course the British Government deprecated this little affair. The Vice-Admiral was censured for his ungallant act, and shortly afterwards promoted. Commodore Barron was suspended for five years, without pay, for his negligence. On the whole, however, it proved a good lesson for the American Navy, and very useful afterwards. Our ships were not caught napping again.

THE "LITTLE BELT."

ABOUT four years after this, it happened that we paid back the British in their own coin for the *Chesapeake* affair. The impressment of American seamen had, of course, gone on in the interval, until it was getting to be a serious matter. Commodore Rodgers was not disposed to submit to such encroachments on our rights, and when he heard that an English frigate, presumably the *Guerrière*, had seized an American sailor, he hurried to sea in the *President*

in search of her. On the evening of May 14, 1811, he hailed a strange ship that he took to be a frigate.

"What sail is that?"

"What sail is that?" came the answer.

"What sail is that?" repeated Rodgers.

A shot came in reply. Whereupon the *President* opened with a broadside, and kept it up until the other vessel was badly damaged, many of her crew being killed and wounded. The next morning Commodore Rodgers discovered that she was the British sloop-of-war *Little Belt*. A dispute afterwards arose as to who fired the first shot, and the whole matter was eventually dropped, but there can be no doubt as to what would have happened if the *Little Belt* had been a superior ship.

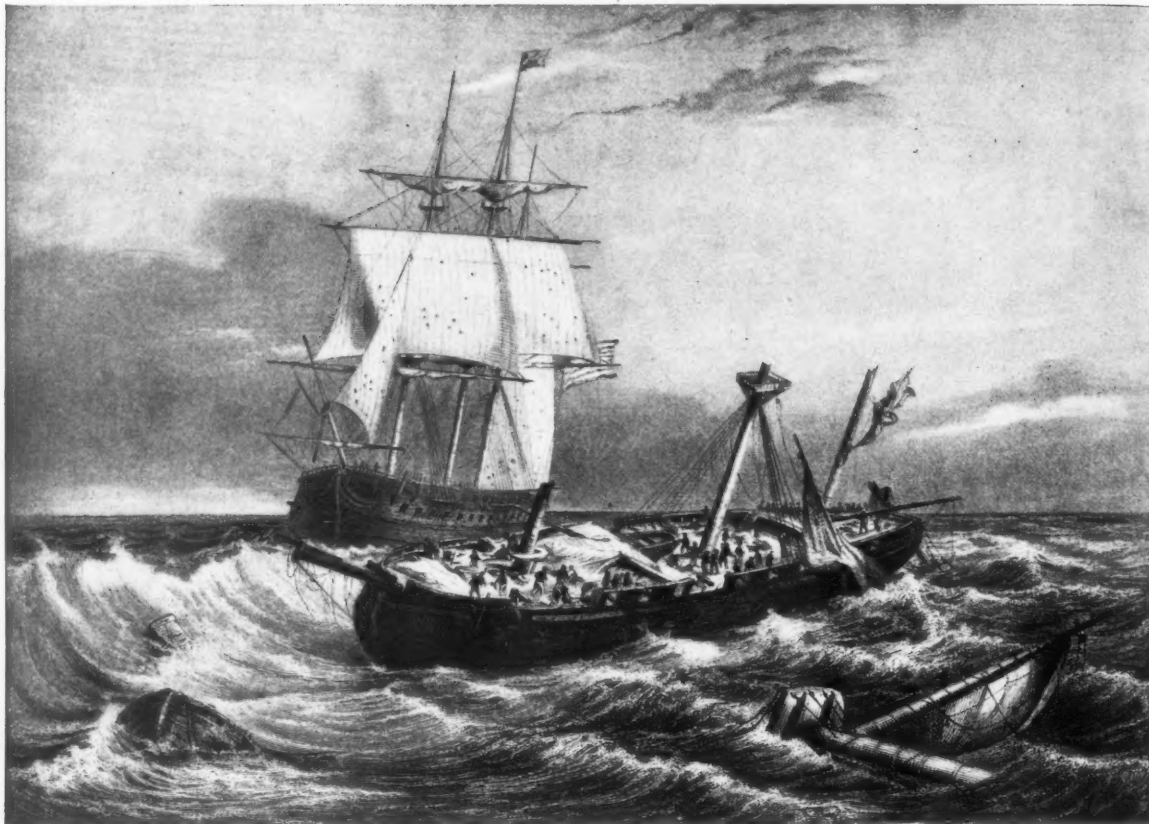
OPENING OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE naval War of 1812 was a curious combination of insolent aggression on one side and legislative incompetence and individual superiority on the other. The period from the peace with the Barbary States to the outbreak of the war was employed by our able legislators in doing what they could to leave us unprepared,

while every possible sign plainly revealed that war was an inevitable result. On top of the lesson we had received from a lot of pirates, and in the face of the most humiliating insults from a greater power, our navy was allowed to go by the board, so to speak. In place of building a few efficient ships of good size, it was proposed in 1807 to add 188 gunboats to the fleet of those already built, making 257 in all. These boats were to protect our coast from English squadrons!

Congressman Williams, of South Carolina, declared that the navy was "a curse to the country, and never had been anything else." When the war came, however, something had to be done, and all the available ships were put in commission, although Congress was of the firm conviction that it would be of very little use, and timidly tried to keep the vessels in port for fear they would be forthwith grabbed up by the enemy, whose prowess on the sea had terrorized the whole maritime world. The following vessels were in the American Navy at the beginning of the war:

The *President* (44), *Constitution* (44), *United States* (44), *Chesapeake* (36), *Congress* (36),



The *Constitution* bears down upon the *Guerrière*.

Constellation (36), *Essex* (32), *John Adams* (28), *Hornet* (18), *Wasp* (18), *Argus* (16), *Siren* (16), *Enterprise* (12), *Nautilus* (12), *Vixen* (12), and *Viper* (10). In all, seventeen ships, while Great Britain had over one thousand, and over seven times the armament of the whole American Navy was stationed from Halifax to the West Indies.

* * *

THIS little navy of ours neither had the respect of Congress nor the confidence of public opinion, and when, war having been declared (June 18, 1812), Commodore Rodgers put to sea in the *President*, accompanied by the *United States*, the *Congress*, the *Hornet* and the *Argus*, and had his unfortunate scrap with the *Belvidera*, more dissatisfaction than ever was expressed. The *President* sighted the *Belvidera* off Nantucket, and, drawing away from the rest of the fleet, chased that vessel unsuccessfully. During the engagement one of the *President's* guns burst, killing sixteen men. The *Belvidera* escaped, and the American squadron continued on a long cruise, returning to port on August 29th, without accomplishing anything. This was a bad beginning, but the *Constitution* made up for

it later on, and she was not the only one to do it.

CHASE OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

THE *Constitution*, with a new crew, sailed from the Chesapeake on July 12, 1812, and on the 17th began that famous chase which showed Isaac Hull's great ability. Heading up along the coast, he sighted a British squadron, which attempted to close in on him. For three days and nights the enemy were close in his wake, and every device to make a ship move through water was tried by Hull and immediately imitated by the British frigates. Among them was the *Guerrière*, that the *Constitution* met later on under different conditions. The *Constitution* was towed by boats, kedged, and her sails soused with water, and thus inch by inch was contested, until finally, availing herself of a favorable squall, she slipped away from her pursuers.

The British captains did not recover for many a long day from their surprise and chagrin over the manner in which the *Constitution*—which they had referred to as a "fir-built Yankee frigate, flying a piece of striped bunting at her masthead"—finally got away from them.

THE "CONSTITUTION" AND "GUERRIÈRE."

CAPTAIN HULL, after his escape from the British squadron, put into Boston, and it began to look as if the imbecility of Congress would prevent him from going to sea again. He was instructed to wait orders, but this was not to his fancy. He wanted to meet Dacres, of the *Guerrière*. Dacres was also anxious to run across Hull. Before the war they had both met at an entertainment. In joking about the probability of a war, Hull said: "Well, Dacres, take good care of your ship if I ever run alongside of her when she is alone."

"Look here, Hull," replied Dacres, "would you like to bet money on the outcome?"

"No," said Hull, "I don't care to bet money, but I'll go a hat."

"Done!" said Dacres.

Hull was therefore anxious to bring about a result, and taking matters into his own hands, he sailed out of Boston Harbor on August 2d. He cruised south of Cape Sable, then east of Halifax, around Nova Scotia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, taking a few prizes, and then south again. On

August 19th he sighted a British frigate.

"Good!" said Hull. "I hope it's Dacres."

The frigate hoisted the British colors, and the two vessels drew near, when the enemy opened fire.

"Shall we return the fire?" asked Lieutenant Morris.

"Not yet," said Hull.

The *Constitution* then bore upon the stranger's quarter.

"Let her have it!" shouted Hull.

So excited was that able Commander that he jumped up and down on the quarter-deck, and his trousers being a tight fit, he split them up the side.

"If that's Dacres," he muttered to himself, "I wish I had bet him a whole uniform."

The fire between the two frigates was now terrific.

"Hull her!" sang out Lieutenant Morris.

In their excitement the crew, not yet so far separated from old England that they didn't know a pun, repeated the cry, "Hull her!"

* * *

IN fifteen minutes the enemy's mizzenmast went, in a few minutes more the foremast and mainmast followed, and the *Guerrière* was a hopeless wreck, having been raked fore and aft by the terrible fire of the *Constitution's* guns. The *Constitution* then hauled off for repairs, and, when they were made, prepared to continue the action; but the British colors came down just in time.

Third Lieutenant Read got in a boat and ran up alongside the *Guerrière*, for then there was no doubt as to her identity. Dacres

poked his head over the after-bulwarks.

"Captain Hull's compliments to Captain Dacres," shouted Read. "Have you struck?"

"Well," replied Dacres, "our mizzenmast, foremast and main



"I'll trouble you for that hat."



ISAAC HULL.

mast have gone. We're not in good condition to continue."

"Have you struck?" asked Read again.

"I—don't—know," said Dacres. "I—"

"You'd better make up your mind pretty quick," roared Read. "This is no time for parley. I ask you again if you have surrendered."

"Well," replied Dacres, "I suppose I have."

"All right," said Read. "Do you need a surgeon?"

"Don't you need him yourself?"

"Why, no," replied Read. "We have only seven wounded, and they've been attended to."

Captain Dacres was wounded himself, but he was transferred to the *Constitution*.

"Let me help you, Dacres," said Hull, as he came over the gangway; "you're hurt."

"Thank you," said Dacres, despondently. "Here's my sword."

"Keep it," said Hull; "you deserve to keep it; but I'll trouble you for that hat."

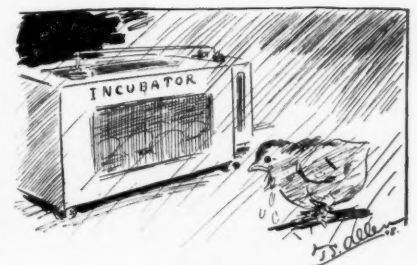
In this action the *Constitution* was somewhat superior to the *Guerrière*, but there is no comparison between the force of the two vessels and the amount of damage

inflicted. The *Guerrière* was so badly shattered that she had to be blown up, while the *Constitution* was practically unhurt.

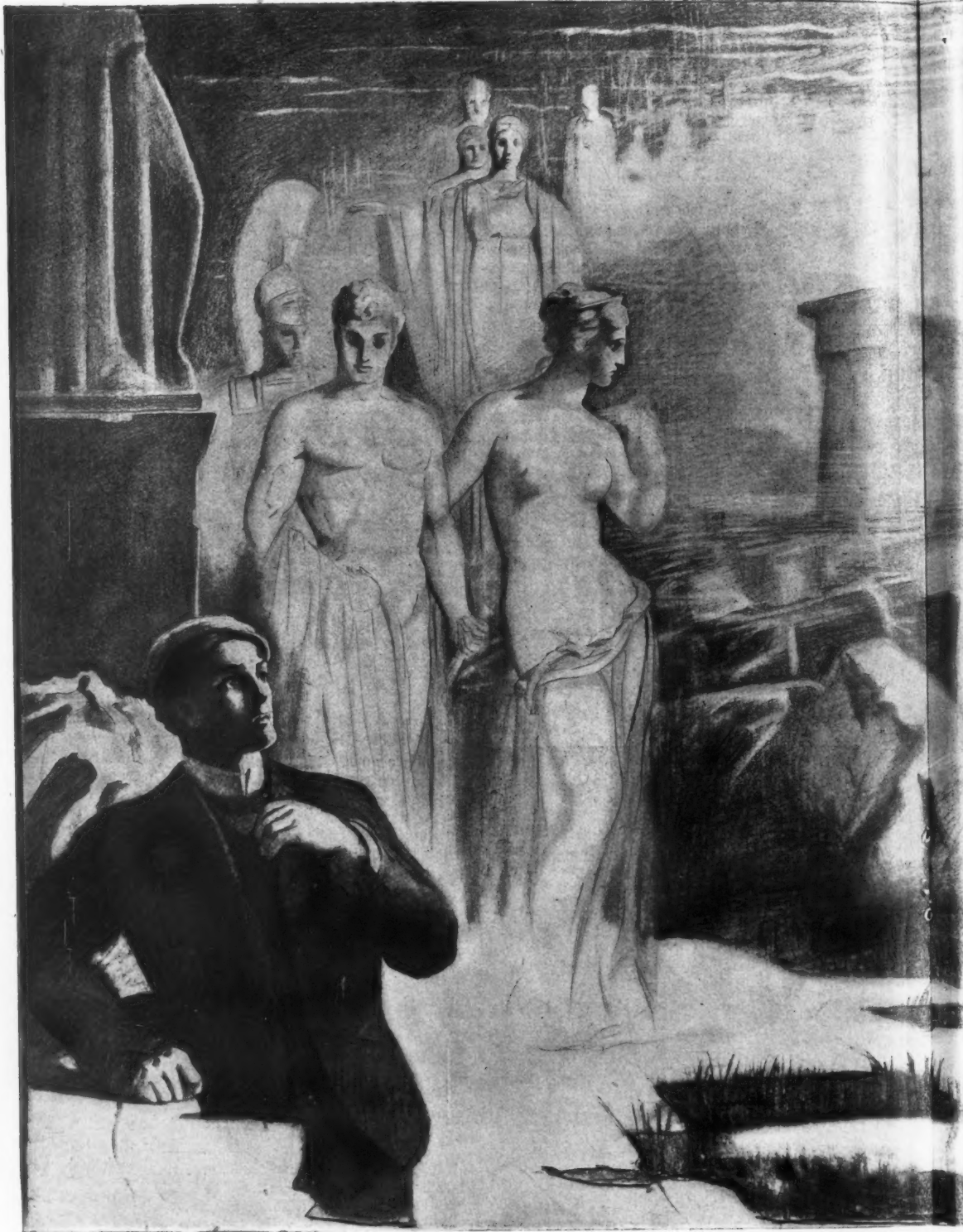
This victory on the part of the United States frigate was due to three things: grit, gumption, and gunnery.

Nothing could exceed the universal joy over Hull's victory. Hitherto defeat had perched on our banners both by land and sea, but this showed that the war was not going to be altogether a one-sided affair.

(To be continued.)



"MA - MA!"



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MIDNIGHT VISITORS AT



SITORS AT THE ACROPOLIS.

BOOKS FOR SUMMER READERS.



Novels for War and Peace.

THE best serial story of the year, and the one with the largest sale—running into figures that make "Tribby" seem a failure—is now appearing in a syndicate of newspapers. The "great magazines" have been left on it, but will, no doubt, catch on by-and-bye. People who "never read serials" are eagerly devouring this one. The fact that some of its most exciting chapters are divided abruptly, and the reader kept in suspense for days at a time, has not dampened the ardor of the vast audience following its fortunes. "To be continued" in this case has no terrors. Composite novels have been tried before, and usually have ignominiously failed. But this one has several hundred authors, and is read in every language of the civilized world.

This great serial is the Story of the War with Spain.

It belongs to the school of Bluggy Romances, and throws Anthony Hope, Stephen Crane and Stanley Weyman completely into the shade. Poor paper, atrocious illustrations, bad English and blatant vulgarity cannot kill its interest. While it rages, the authors of conventional fiction will have a hard time.

One of the very few blessings that the war has brought in its train is the suppression of the exaggerated amount of attention paid to small authors by literary paragraphers. That space is now devoted to small soldiers, who cannot become the nuisance that a much-praised minor author inevitably becomes.

WAR or no war, a fair amount of good fiction for summer reading has been produced. The great publishing machinery can't be stopped suddenly, and most of the books now appearing were well under way long before the war seemed more than the nightmare of distorted minds.

Two of the current volumes of fiction are by men who are now in the thick of the fray as war correspondents—Stephen Crane and Richard Harding Davis. Real fighting is a great opportunity for the novelists who have distinguished themselves as chroniclers of imaginary conflicts. They have the chance to live up to their ideals—which happens seldom to people of imagination.

* * *

MR. CRANE'S "The Open Boat" (Doubleday & McClure Co.) has plenty of reality in it. He was wrecked with the filibustering steamer *Commodore*, and floated ashore in an open boat, on the Florida coast. His description of the long suspense between life and death with his three companions—the cook, the oiler, and the captain—is a marvelous bit of color and emotion painted with words. It is easy enough to caricature it, to poke fun at the monotonous repetition of phrases and catchwords, but when you have finished reading it he has indelibly fixed the experience on your mind, and that is the test of a literary artisan.

A battle scene, founded on the author's experiences in the war in Greece, is depicted in "Death—and the Child." It is hysterical, but vivid.

Farical comedy, with the American bar in the City of Mexico as a starting place, riots amusingly in two of the tales. The foot-race between the two barkeepers is not elevating, but it has Kipling's quality of vividness.

* * *

MR. DAVIS' "The King's Jackal" (Scribner) (to appear as a book in June) combines an exiled king, a romantic prince, an American heiress, and a clairvoyant newspaper correspondent in a rapid piece of narration, which aims at dramatic effect without wasting time on sentimental emotion. This odd assortment of adventurers, good and bad, comport themselves with the mild swagger of good actors in a comic opera. They are always smart, and amusing to themselves and to the public.

* * *

MRS. WIGGIN'S smartness is of a different kind. It expends itself in dialogue. In "Penelope's Progress" (Houghton), the three young women who travel around seeing things together spend most

of their time in good-natured banter. They devote their energies to their own failings, and to the peculiarities of the people around them. As they are visiting in Scotland, they have plenty of opportunities to be funny at the expense of the Scotch. It is good-humored chaff, however, and even Mrs. McCulloch need not be offended by it. There is the thread of a love story running through it, but no attempt at a complicated novel. The tired reader who longs for more pages where the people are not clever, can rest his soul on the interspersed Scotch ballads.

The picture of vacation life in a small village in the East Neuk of Fife is vivacious and attractive. It is a good book for summer recreation.

* * *

AN old-fashioned type of heroine, with up-to-date attachments, is revived in "The Dull Miss Archinard" (Scribner), by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. She was well known in sentimental novels a generation ago, and was abundantly wept over by young women who wore crinolines. Her prototype was *Cinderella*, who did chores while her sisters wore beautiful gowns and had a gay time. And *Cinderella*, you will remember, got the Prince at last! So does the dull Miss Archinard. He isn't a real prince, but only a brain-and-world-tired widower, who writes clever books when he is not traveling around the world or bossing his fine estate in England. Miss Archinard, it may be remarked, has a much better kind of chore to do than poor *Cinderella*; she paints beautiful *salon* pictures and gives lessons to the Parisian aristocracy, to raise money for her extravagant family—and especially to keep her brilliant sister in fine gowns. This does not seem to be such a terrible fate. Almost any sensible young woman with talent would prefer to paint *salon* pictures rather than trot around to teas.

But the dull Miss Archinard hasn't a very good time. Her family don't appreciate her, and the widower devotes his time to the beautiful sister who tries to make herself amusing and does not mope. However, he sees through the imposition at last; and the self-denying little girl and the sad widower will devote the rest of their lives to each other, and incidentally to writing clever books and painting soulful pictures which they need not sell, because they have a good income from real estate.

Now, a good income from real estate combined with artistic pursuits is a very safe combination, and we are confident that they lived happy ever after. *Cinderella* was a wise child in her generation.



"HEAVENS! ALICE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?"
 "PRACTICING TO BE A REAL COMPANION TO MY HUSBAND."

PRECIOUSITY in writing is apt to be talked about by other men in the writing business. Any artisan is interested by a new trick in his trade. What passes for skill is often only a bit of sleight-of-hand. Le Gallienne's "Romance of Zion Chapel" (John Lane) is literary legerdemain. The saccharine quality of phrase, the contrasts of character, and the mingling of high thoughts and low life, are the elements of the illusion. Lofty love leads to a melodramatic suicide with another girl than the original loved-one as a companion in drinking the death potion. It needs red light, slow music and a quick curtain to make it endurable.

* * *

THE translation of D'Annunzio's "The Maidens of the Rocks" (Richmond) half

reveals into what obscurity the preciousity of symbolism will lead a clever man. If the author knew what he was driving at, the translator has not fully grasped it.

* * *

FROM the binful of summer fiction a few others are worth noting. Mr. Sutphen's "The Golficide and Other Tales of the Fair Green" (Harper) is amusing to all who play that fascinating game. It is farcical and satirical, and the victims of the mania will laugh at it most heartily.

The signs of revolution in Italy will call new interest to the remarkable tale "The Gadfly" (Holt)—a tragedy of unusual originality and power.

Ambrose Bierce's realistic tales of war in the recently republished volume, "In the Midst of Life" (Putnam), are full of impressive horrors. They were written long

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For other titles see page 451.

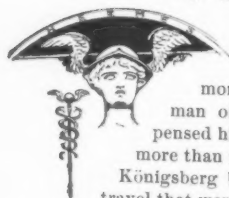
before Stephen Crane's battle pictures, and can stand the comparison.

Another story of war in South Africa is Clinton Ross's "A Trooper of the Empress" (Appleton).

Among tales of the Revolution there is nothing better than "Hugh Wynne" (Century) and "For Love of Country" (Scribner).

In deft workmanship and graceful fancy there are few short stories that equal the recent collection of T. R. Sullivan's, "Ars et Vita" (Scribner). *Droch.*

Voyages at Anchor.



IT is said of that ponderous scholar, Immanuel Kant, who stayed at home more indefatigably than any man of his day, that he recompensed himself for never wandering more than five miles from his beloved Königsberg by reading all the books of travel that were published in his lifetime. This was an easier matter for Kant than it would be now for us. A hundred and thirty years ago people had not yet learned how perilously easy it is to write a book, and how little in the way of provocation is required. In the last century it was no uncommon thing for a man to lose his granduncle without publishing any memoir of the deceased relative, or spend six weeks in Italy without narrating his experiences to the world.

That was an era of wasted opportunities which it saddens us to even contemplate; but the apathy of the writing public enabled Kant to do a little work himself, besides reading other people's volumes. Were he living now, he would probably have no leisure for metaphysics; but he might travel, in spirit, through lands never dreamed of in his philosophy. From the gold-fields of Alaska to the lonely swamps of Florida, from the huts of the Finnish peasants to the African jungles, he might follow, in spirit, enterprising and comfort-scorning travelers, and thank Heaven more and more devoutly for the blessings of home and an armchair.



NOT that the men who write these marvelous books ever complain of inconveniences. On the contrary, they glory in them, and grow more and more animated and enthusiastic as their miseries deepen. Mr. de Windt,* who went to Alaska for

*"Through the Gold-Fields of Alaska to Bering Straits." By Harry de Windt. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

adventure, and not for gold, found the keenest pleasure in dwelling "alone and unprotected" among the Tehuktchi of Siberia, a people so radically unpleasant that less intrepid voyagers would have escaped at any cost from their society. As for the comparative luxury of Dawson City, he is loud in its praise, affirming it to be the best governed mining-camp in the world. "There are many towns of boasted civilization in the Western States of America," he says, "where life and property are far less secure than at Klondike." And this immunity from lawlessness is due exclusively to the tireless energy and splendid courage of the Canadian mounted police.

The same admirable temper is manifested by Mr. Hugh Willoughby,* who took to the Everglades of Florida pluck, robust health and a good appetite, and, with the help of these unfailing friends, enjoyed experiences that most people would have found distinctly disagreeable. To paddle for long, weary weeks through swamps that have the reputation of being feverish; to carry along everything needful, from frying pans to sarsaparilla tablets; to sleep in a bag and live on canned goods—as long as they last—does not appeal to every coward heart. "Our noonday meal was rather an unsatisfactory one of cold boiled potatoes," writes Mr. Willoughby cheerfully, and all irrational ambition to visit the Everglades withers as we read these lines.



**RS. ALEC TWEEDIE†* and Mr. William Astor Chanler‡ have written good books; the one full of information, the other of adventure. We learn from Mrs.

Tweedie more than we ever dreamed of knowing about Finland—its churches, monasteries, musical festivals, epic dramas, vegetables, teachers, taxes, declensions and divorce laws. We learn from Mr. Chanler how much genuine sport and hard fighting can be enjoyed by the traveler who goes to Eastern Africa "purely in the interests of science." To go everywhere accompanied by a hundred and sixty servants and soldiers does not lie in the power of every tourist, even though he be stout of heart and limb; but the danger of the jungle and the encounters with hostile tribes rapidly thinned the ranks of this formidable caravan. It is a stirring narrative that Mr. Chanler has given us, and even readers who remain, and prefer to remain ignorant

*"Across the Everglades." By Hugh L. Willoughby. (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia.)

†"Through Finland in Carts." By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

‡"Through Jungle and Desert." By William Astor Chanler. (The Macmillan Co., New York.)

HARPER'S MAGAZINE

FOR JUNE.

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of Batrachians—of the Rhampholeon Kresteni or the Phrynomantis bifasciata—can follow him with delight, and perhaps with some benefit to their muscles, for the book weighs as much as a dumb-bell.



FOR joyous and sustained enthusiasm, however, no recent traveler approaches Mr. Poultney Bigelow,* who in the Transvaal and the Orange Free State has found at last the realization of his most cherished ideals embodied in the blameless Boers. It is pleasant to think that there lives—even far away—a race so wise, so gentle, so magnanimous, so intelligent, so honest, so brave, so immaculately and oppressively virtuous as these often-maligned Boers. Prester John and his fabled subjects, who told no lies and tolerated no vice, are outdone by the noble Dutchmen, who seem almost too good for this workday world; and it is in sheer despair of yielding them even meagre justice that we go gladly back to black man's Africa with Mr. Glave,† who lived for six years in Congo-land, the friend and devoted ally of Stanley. Oh! the relief of turning from the contemplation of President Kruger's coat to the frank simplicity of the native African's costume, as depicted by Mr. Glave, with its instinctive sense of appropriateness, its air of sincerity and comfort. And who could help loving the cheerful and ingenious Oubangi, who, having been roundly punished for venturing to attack the white men, solaced themselves by wearing their enemy's empty rifle shells for earrings.

All book-writing travelers, however, do not venture so far afield. There are those who, like Mr. Steele‡ and Mr. Paton,§ merely make little voyages to Scandinavia or to Sicily; and there are those who, like Mr. Stoddard,|| go, or propose going, over the civilized earth. Mr. Stoddard's very weighty volume is announced as the first of ten. He designs to do for travel what Mr. Charles Dudley Warner has so kindly done for literature—condense it all into a limited compass, and save us the trouble of making any choice. With Mr. Stoddard to carry us over the world of land and waters, and Mr. Warner to carry us over the world of letters, we can hardly go astray, for we need never move at all. Mental labor and

physical activity are spared us in the future. The age of luxury has begun, and many readers will be deeply grateful for the generous assistance offered to their disability and their inertia.

IN comparison with these comprehensive plans, it seems as trivial a thing to go to Norway or to Sicily as to pick up—unadvised—"Pendennis" or "Quentin Durward." Yet byways of their own choosing suit some natures best, and Mr. Steele is so frankly, gloriously enthusiastic over his mountains and fjords, he takes such excellent photographs, and induces so many handsome young women to pose for him in holiday attire, that his "Viking-Land" bids fair to prove a pleasant friend in sultry summer days, when the mere thought of snowy glaciers and chilling waves bring with them sensations akin to rapture. Mr. Paton's "Picturesque Sicily" is also admirably illustrated, though prints are powerless to reproduce a shadow of such beauty, and "picturesque" is but cold praise for the loveliest spot on earth. Moreover, Mr. Paton is too sad, sometimes too edifying. The Sicilians are poor, but in Italy the beggar is no Pariah; he enjoys a social and religious distinction of his own, better worth having than an almshouse bed. The peasant boys of Taormina are the handsomest, happiest little rascals in Christendom. Why fill their hearts with the foolish wisdom of our overdriven land? Why preach to them the doctrine of hard work, enterprise, accumulation? If there are still places where these words are never heard, let us thank Heaven and be silent.



TO go to the seat of war as a "special correspondent" is a pleasant, healthy, harmless and inexpensive way of seeing the world. Mr. Frederick Palmer,* who followed the Greek Army in its month's campaign, has written all about it with much cheerfulness, a fine sense of humor, and a limited sense of propriety. Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who spent some weeks in Cuba,† would have enriched his literary reputation by staying away. It is strange, indeed, that a man who in his descriptions of the Czar's Coronation and the Queen's Jubilee‡ has reached the very zenith of reporting, has written as no reporter ever wrote before, enthralling thousands of readers with his clear, glowing, vigorous sentences, should have cared to give the world this foolish little book on

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* "White Man's Africa." By Poultney Bigelow. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

† "In Savage Africa." By E. J. Glave. (R. H. Russell & Son, New York.)

‡ "A Voyage to Viking-Land." By Thomas Sedgwick Steele. (Estes & Lauriat, Boston.)

§ "Picturesque Sicily." William Agnew Paton. (Harper & Bros., New York.)

|| "John L. Stoddard's Lectures." (Belford, Middlebrook & Co., New York, Chicago, London.)

* "Going to War in Greece." By Frederick Palmer. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

† "Cuba in War Time." By Richard Harding Davis. (R. H. Russell, New York.)

‡ "A Year from a Reporter's Note-Book." By Richard Harding Davis. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

Cuba, of which the only possible criticism is that it should never have been written; that, being written, it should never have been printed; and that, being printed, it should never, never, under any circumstances, be read.

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* "A Bride of Japan," By Carlton Dawe. (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

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* "Carita. A Cuban Romance." By Louis Pendleton. (Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Boston.)

† "The Enchanted Burro." By Charles F. Lummis (Way & Williams, Chicago.)

‡ "The King of the Broncos." By Charles F. Lummis. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

§ "In Old Narragansett." By Alice Morse Earle. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)



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"I want to know this, Mr. Deedes: Is that Miss Eaton-Belgrave really going to play in this piece?"

"For—for anything I know to the contrary."

"Then you must excuse me."

"Why, what's the matter? Have you quarreled?"

"Mr. Deedes, I never quarrel. I don't know Miss Eaton-Belgrave. I don't know anyone in her set. And what's more, I don't want to."

"But you never have to speak to her in the whole course of the play."

"But her name will be in the bill—with mine. You must please get somebody else for my part." [Sweeps back to L.]

"But you're lead—well, Arthur?"

"You disengaged now? I wanted to ask you, do you think I ought to wear knickerbockers in Act II. and trousers in Act III., or trousers in—"

"Good heavens, man! We're a month off the night yet—fortunately. Trousers! Why, you don't know your words yet."

"Oh, they'll be all right, my dear chap. Keep your hair on. I only thought you wanted the piece properly dressed, that's all." [Stalks up stage.]

"Mr. Deedes! Mr. Deedes!"

"Yes, Miss Eaton-Belgrave."

"Where is my piano to go, pray?"

"Hum—yes—the stage is rather small. I'm afraid we shall have to cut the piano."

"What! Well, I do call it too bad! I understood I was to sit at the piano in evening-dress, and play softly during—why, it's all I have to do! You might as well cut me out altogether."

"Would you mind? Supposing I put on a curtain-raiser and gave you a better—"

"Well, if ever—" [Stamps out through fireplace.]

"Please, sir, a lady at the stage-door sends this card, and wishes to see you"

"Lady Beauclerc. Damn! Show her in. Well, Robinson, what do you want?"

"I say, old fellow, you know where it says 'Enter through window'? They've gone and put the fireplace there. I shan't be seen at all if—"

"It won't matter—oh, dear me! Sam! practicable window up centre! Now, my dear fellow, do let us get on. Oh, here's Lady Beauclerc."

"Oh, Mr. Deedes, I hope I'm not intruding, but I was reading this play out of Muriel's book the other evening, and really there are some expressions in it that will never do!"

"I hadn't noticed—oh, I see! Yes. Oh, we only use those words at rehearsals."

"I don't mean that, Mr. Deedes. Quite respectable people use expletives sometimes."

"I am not surprised."

"But really! This young man in the play—actually tells Muriel to go to—well, to bed, Mr. Deedes."

"Does he? Oh—well—you see he's supposed to be brother, and they're supposed to be sitting up together late at night, and—"

"But, Mr. Deedes! Go to bed! What an expression to use to a young girl, and before a mixed audience. Now I must request—"

"Well, I'll try to think of something else—I really. Excuse me. Oh, Miss Russell-Portman, moment. If I cut Miss Eaton-Belgrave out, and put into a farce, would that meet your—"

"That would be a more suitable place for her, I should think. But I was coming to ask you this, Mr. Deedes. You see this sofa's got its head on the wrong end."

"Yes—that is, has it? My head—"

"Now, I've always died with my feet up the night before, and I can't possibly—"

"Please die whenever—whichever way you like."

"Look here, Deedes! I've been talking to Robinson, and he agrees with me it would be quite wrong to wear trousers in either—"

"Has anybody got a cigarette? Where's that prom book? Now, then, curtain's up. Will somebody come please." [They come on sulkily.] —Pick-Me-Up

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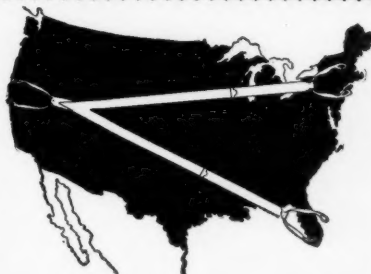
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Hairy fists were fiercely shaken under bleeding noses there;

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A little "gent" from Georgia hurled a volume through the air,

Which a "gent" from Philadelphia dodged by ducking very low!

Oh, the people who had gathered in the galleries to see, Fled in terror or hysterically groveled on the floor!

The House of Representatives was setting Cuba free— . . . nothing more.

There were whiskers of all colors flying through the atmosphere,

And yells of terror mingled with the howls and hisses there;

Gentlemen called one another names that can't be printed here,

And hair and rumpled neckties fluttered wildly in the air!

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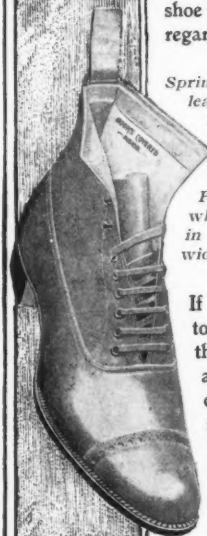
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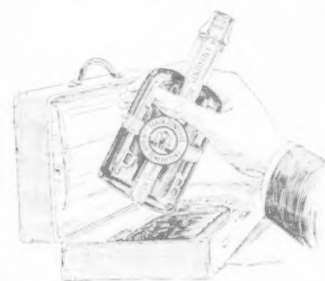
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